

The Times - Dispatch

Business Office: Times-Dispatch Building,
10 South Tenth Street
Richmond, Va.
South Richmond: 1020 Hull Street
Petersburg Bureau: 100 N. Sycamore Street
Lynchburg Bureau: 315 Eighth Street

BY MAIL One Six Three One
POSTAGE PAID Year: \$6.00 Six Mo: \$3.00
Daily without Sunday: \$4.00 100: \$1.00
Sunday edition only: \$2.00 100: \$1.00
Weekly (Wednesday): \$1.00 100: \$1.00

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond (and suburbs) and Petersburg—
One Week:
Daily with Sunday: 15 cents
Daily without Sunday: 10 cents
Sunday only: 5 cents

Entered January 27, 1906, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1912.

PEACE ON EARTH.

The spirit of peace among men is moving in the heart of the old world so profoundly that this Christmas of 1912 should be a time of rejoicing almost as hushed and tender as when the Star first broke the night above Bethlehem. The very word "enemy" sounds silly and mean. Who is your enemy? What nation is so remote from our brotherhood that we can take up arms and slay its people? We are here together on the earth, bound on the same strange journey, and we are at last learning that the trip will be more comfortable if we make it in peace.

There is more peace in the world. We do not have to say this to keep our courage up like the little boy's whistling. Just remember how all Europe has quivered and shaken in the agonies of learning that greed and ignorant patriotism and the petty pride of small sovereigns can no longer league together to demand a gift of blood. True, there have been two wars among the southern edge of Europe, but it is not significant that one party in each has been the Turk, to whom the gentle gospel of peace and goodwill means nothing? It is a noble sign of a better day that neither the Italian war nor the Balkan war could turn the great Christian nations of Europe from the paths of peace to a new ruin and death and horror. Mexico has been up by revolution. But that too is the dark hour before the dawn. It is the price of backward peoples struggling into the new day. The wars are all in the odd corners of the world, where the broom of wisdom has not yet swept out the dusty ideals of dead centuries.

At home, we have had no real breaking of the peace. Two great strikes have been avoided by the calm and wise use of arbitration. A great political contest has been completed without a single demonstration of true hatred. There have been noise, hard names, almost a tragedy, but now we know those were the mistakes incident to changes, and not symptoms of anything rotten or vindictive in our national soul. Great corporations are pensioning their employees; the sorrows of labor and the bitter bread of poverty are being done away with; children are happier; the fight against disease rages unceasingly as a new and noble crusade. All is not well yet. Men's hearts are envious and jealous. The lust for power and money still blinds our eyes to injustice and suffering. But no honest man can say that there is not more real peace in the world this day than ever before in all the rolling years.

ARE THERE HEAVENS IN VIRGINIA?

Charles L. Walker has lately been elected to the North Carolina Legislature from Transylvania County, the land of the laurel and the rhododendron. By way of preparing himself for the performance of his duties as a representative of the people, he has adopted a novel plan. His proposal is to call together the voters of his district at specified places and times, and have them decide what legislation they wish him to advocate and what they wish him to oppose at the next session of the Legislature. The verdict ascertained will bind him in his legislative course in both local and State affairs.

In a government based upon the will of the people, it is peculiarly strange that so few legislative endeavors to determine what that will is. Certainly the Cripple Enterprise drives this truth home. "If the Virginia Legislature was composed of men responsive to popular will, we would now have a fair and effective primary law and equalization of taxation, a much-needed reform which our last Legislature was asked to pass, they passed it by. North Carolina's representative has blazed the way. Are there not Virginians sturdy enough to follow Mr. Walker's example, and brave enough to pass a law that will insure equalization of taxation?"

The fault is half that of the people and half that of their representatives. The great mass of the people do not express their desire to their legislators and the legislators are guided by the voice of the few. Those whose selfish interests would be impaired by the passage of progressive laws are continually heard from; they flood the mails and pack the Capitol. The very much greater body of the people whose common interest would be subserved by the enactment of wise laws do not exercise themselves over such laws, but remain silent and passive. And as the legislators chart their course to fit the desire of the few, they need to take to heart the spirit of the famous admonition of Burke: "Because half-a-dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle, reposed beneath the

shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that of course they are many in number; or that, after all, they are other than the little shriveled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour."

Let us hope that the race of Beavers will spring up in the Old Dominion next summer. Better primaries and better tax laws will come when the people make their legislative representatives understand that they are hired men, and that their business is to improve conditions, instead of dicker with lobbyists and framing up future political battles with petty politicians. The trouble is that some of the people are aroused all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but all of the people are not aroused all of the time.

DON'T CALL THEM "MISTERS."

Representative Edward W. Townsend, of New Jersey, sometimes otherwise known as the creator of Chimmie Fadden, proposes that the House of Representatives shall discontinue the use of "Mister" when calling the roll. He is certain that his plan is one of economical importance and one of moment to the health of members; that there is no use in prefixing the names of members of the House with "Mister"; that it adds no dignity to a member; that to eliminate the custom would save much valuable time.

In the next House there will be 421 members, and Townsend has calculated that if the word "Mister" were not used in calling the roll, it would mean that 832 syllables would be dispensed with in one roll call. This would save twenty minutes on every roll call, an economy in time that would be considerable, because often there are two score roll calls each day. This might save \$500,000 in a single Congress, thinks Townsend. Then, again, "it would relieve a lot of the members of a good deal of nerve tension, and might save them in doctor's bills a couple of million dollars."

The reform that Townsend urges is commended for congressional adoption. Carry the principle to its logical extent, and months in time and millions in money might be saved for the greater good of the country. Let no titles of any sort be used in Congress. Why not number the Congressmen, and let them simply answer to their numbers?

YOUTH.

The man or woman who sighs wearily, "Oh, I hate Christmas. It always makes me blue. I'm glad it only comes once a year," is a coward. He, or she, is a coward because he sees that youth is fleeing, and this ancient terror of the piling years hits hardest on anniversaries. Another year has rolled around, the grave is that much nearer, and all the splendid hopes that once beat high within are dull and fading in the light of commonplace living. Middle-age cannot enjoy the riotous pleasures of Keen-witted, fast-living, high-burning youth. The body is no longer fitted for them. But is that any reason for melancholy and regret? Better be thankful that they mean just as much to children and young folks as they ever did. It will be time for lamenting when the power of pleasure has fled from the world altogether. Suppose the children couldn't enjoy Christmas! Then there would be reason for being blue!

Then this gloomy feaster says that all the old friends that once made merry with him are dead, or sick, or come into far countries. It is not like it used to be. He recalls gay times in the olden golden days. He remembers how blue eyes shone beneath the mistletoe, and how soft lips—he remembers, we say. He sheds a secret tear because a parent or a child is not with him at this season. Yet may be, by his long face, he may spoil all the holiday for a dear one who is with him and needs a smile to help bring happiness.

House up, ye faint-hearted! Has age no pleasures of its own? Are not your own children ample reward for any lost youth? If all the brave men who have lived and faced death and gone into the afterworld smiling because they knew they were but meeting the common human end, had gotten the blues instead of joining in the mirth and song, what would Christmas ever have meant? "Grow old along with me, the best is yet to be," of course, you are growing old, of course you are going to die. But, God bless you, all your forefathers of the centuries have done the same thing, and why should you be fearful? Make somebody happy now. Live to the full of your years. If Christmas means anything, it means that there is love enough to take care of you even when you are dead.

ARBITRATION OF INDUSTRIAL DISPUTES.

The arbitration of the recent dispute between the locomotive engineers and the railroads seems to have injured rather than to have helped the cause of arbitration according to this method. The deliberations of the board were apparently unduly influenced by the boastful statements of Chief Stone, of the engineers' organization, to the effect that he could cause a paralysis of our transportation system at any time by calling a strike of locomotive engineers. The board felt that the public welfare would be best subserved by imposing a check upon the exercise of such power by one man, and as a consequence recommended the compulsory arbitration of wage and similar controversies in the transportation industry, and awarded further that the labor organizations among railroad employees should be brought under governmental supervision in the

same way that the other productive factors in the transportation industry were regulated.

These proposals were obviously repugnant to the workers on our railroads and brought forth a protest from their representative on the board of arbitration. Further evidence of their unpopularity is afforded by the negotiations which are now in progress between the Eastern railroads and their firemen and trainmen. Neither class of transportation labor is favorable to arbitration proceedings similar to those held in connection with the demands of the engineers. They consider this method excessively expensive, too protracted in time and liable to cause dissatisfaction because members of boards thus constituted may not be sufficiently acquainted with conditions in the transportation industry to pass intelligent judgment upon them.

On the other hand, an interesting insight into the situation is to be had from the attitude of the locomotive firemen, who have declared their willingness to arbitrate their contentions under the Erdman act. This law provides for an arbitration board of three members, one to be selected by each party to the dispute and the third to be chosen by these two; or, in the event of their inability to make a choice, the remaining member of the board is to be named by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and the Commissioner of Labor. The proceedings are a matter of record, testimony is given under oath, and a decision must be rendered within thirty days. An arbitration under these auspices could not be needlessly delayed, and irrelevant matter could not be placed in evidence or influence the deliberations. It is upon some such basis as this that further progress will be made in advancing the plan of arbitration of industrial disputes. The success which has attended the efforts of Commissioner of Labor Neill and Judge Knapp, of the Commerce Court, in acting as mediators in industrial controversies under the Erdman act has also recently led Secretary Nagel to recommend to Congress the extension of the Erdman act and the retention of the valuable services of these two officials.

THE GENERAL PROPERTY TAX PASSING.

The Illinois Supreme Court has just decided a case involving alleged dodging of taxes on \$168,000,000 worth of stocks of foreign corporations held in that State. The actual point decided is that when tax reviewers are informed that such or such a man has failed to schedule property their duty is to investigate, and, if the property he owned, assess it.

This decision has already begun agitation for comprehensive and thoroughgoing revenue reform in Illinois. Stocks, bonds, and mortgages, when taxed under a general property act, largely escape the assessors and reviewers. That is true of many other States besides Illinois. Injustice and discrimination are inevitable under the system. The few may be detected; the majority will find a method of evasion. The remedy is a fair, rational and scientific system of taxation. To achieve that end, the Chicago Record-Herald declares that "we must get rid of our impossible general property tax and obtain power to classify property and levy taxes that can be fairly and uniformly collected."

The general property tax is unpopular in most of the States, and in some of those greatly advanced it is being wiped out through the operation of new systems. In Wisconsin, the collection of the income tax under the direction of a centralized tax commission bids fair to make the general property tax unnecessary. If the returns from the income tax in that State continue to increase at the present rate, there will soon be no necessity for a tax that is generally evaded.

When we have suffragette Santa Clauses they at least won't burn up in their own whiskers.

There was a lot of waste wind on Broad Street Christmas Eve.

In the decade from 1901 to 1910 the death rate from tuberculosis in the United States declined from 196.8 for each 100,000 persons living to 160.3, a decrease of 18.7 per cent, while the general death rate, including all causes of death, declined only one-half as fast, or at the rate of 9.7 per cent, from 1,655.9 to 1,495.8.

That is what the Red Cross seals helped do.

Young John Rockefeller is to speak to the Young Men's Christian Association next Sunday on the "Young Man's Question." The real young man's question is "How to Support Her" after he has pooped the question.

A hat-rack attendant in a St. Louis hotel made enough off his tips to buy a hotel of his own. This is not strange, for we ourselves have often disbursed enough to buy a couple of hotels in one fee. Buying a hotel is cheaper than staying at one.

Out of respect for the day we are not discussing Richmond politics.

Holly, jolly, folly, swallow, melancholy—Christmas poem.

Some people seem to think St. Nick is some kin to the Old Nick.

Between trying to be a white Christmas and a green Christmas, the weather seems to have produced a gorgeous mud Christmas.

How about investigating the Santa Claus trust?

One last week for girls to propose in.

A merry Christmas to you!

1912 next!

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

Don't Crowd.
For sixteen long and weary years the Democrats have stood before the old pile counter and have vainly longed for food. The goodly plums were not for them, they didn't get a smell. But now the doors are open and they're rushing in pell-mell. It's like a bargain counter rush. The man who runs the place is standing with a look of great concern writ on his face. It looks like fifty men will ask for every piece of pie. There will not be enough to satisfy the hue and cry.

According to Uncle Abner.
Lem Haskins bought a brindle heifer nineteen years ago and he ain't got through lawin' about it yet. It seems as though the fellers that are all ears and nose get their pitcher in the paper the most.

There are durned few fellers that know more than the station agent down to the railroad depot in a small town.

A good many fellers have lost their money by bein' willing to invest it in a town where the people are perfectly contented to go around nights carrying barn lanterns.

It is purty hard to put anything over on anybody nowadays. They all read the newspapers too much.

No woman ever buys a corset from a tin peddler more than once.

Lem Purdy says, on account of high cost of stickin' around on this terrestrial globe, he ain't had a chance to get real well acquainted with his pay envelope for nine years.

They say that a feller never really falls in love but once. By ginger! Once is enough.

It is a durned poor patriot who can't outstep over a nice slice of roast turkey with home-made dressing.

There is more cryin' at wedding's than at funerals.

There are just as many chumps with college educations as there are without.

Hank Tumms says no woman should be allowed to vote until she can fogate a furnace.

Seems as though a Prohibition candidate would get so discouraged sometimes that he would almost fall off th' wagon.

Luke Timms, our local genius, has got up a new scheme to make custard pies. He sets a stalk of milkweed, an eggplant and a stalk of poplar in the ground and then sets a pan on top of 'em with a little dough in it.

The plants all grow and fill up the pan and the sun bakes the finest custard pie you ever see.

There is one satisfaction about being beat for Congress or Senator. A feller saves a good deal of money by staying at home.

That Paris feller who dreams the designs for wimmin's hats must eat a lot of Welsh rabbit.

The devoted candidate who asks for a recount usually finds out that he was beat worse than he thought he was in the first place.

A feller who is observing always has plenty of umbrellas.

Who ever seen a corn doctor who didn't die his mustache? Some folks is born lazy and some acquire laziness, like Mrs. Hank Tumms when she got married.

The Czar.
The czar has written the following ode for consumption by the dear public:

Nothing to do but dodge the bombski. Or else to be blown to kingdom comeski.

'Twould make most any guy feel glumski.

How would you like to be the Czar?

Afraid to set his royal feetstitch Outside his home in the city streetstitch.

Nothing but cornmeal dares he eatstitch.

How would you like to be the Czar?

Afraid to go to bed at nightstitch. For fear some loyal subject mightstitch Toss him a large bunch of lydditstitch.

How would you like to be the Czar?

When of this life you're wearystitch. And nothing looks quite cheerystitch. Just hand yourself this cheerystitch. How would you like to be the Czar?

Voice of the People
Crying Over Spilt Milk.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:—

Sir,—Though it seems somewhat like crying over spilt milk without doubt the most important matter before the people of Richmond to-day is the recent appointment of a Building Inspector to succeed Mr. Beck.

In spite of the seriousness of the situation and the conservatism it has created, it has its instructive side. To those who have not the right of suffrage, the denunciations against the Administrative Board (who have already begun to administer savor of both the inconsistent and the humorous).

All things considered, why should the electorate of this city expect these administrators to be any better than other politicians? Evidently, at the time of the election, the majority cared nothing about it, or we should have had more than 8,000 men at the polls. The government is always as good as the voting population wishes it to be, and bad as things are, those who

Richmond.

Will Not Accept.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:—

Sir,—Upon my return to "Morven," after some days' absence, my attention is called to an article that appeared in your issue of the 12th instant, entitled, "Virginians for Foreign Posts," in which is mentioned my probable appointment under the next administration to the diplomatic service as ambassador or minister. While I am not ungrateful of the honor that the suggestion does me, I beg to say that whatever my contribution to the cause it was offered as a tribute to the high character and attainments of Governor Wilson to secure better government for our country, without hope of reward. I am not a candidate for Federal office, nor would I accept such appointment if tendered.

We are content in our Virginia homes, and in the great triumph of progressive Democracy full satisfaction.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours for the Cause,
GRACE VERNON.

PUT IT ISABEL ON YOUR GOODS
THE MARK OF THE MARK
RICHMOND OF THE SOUTH

Telephone MADISON 805 and ask CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

The hardest thing for some folks to stand is their neighbors' prosperity. Lots of women make their husbands carve th' turkey just to show 'em up.

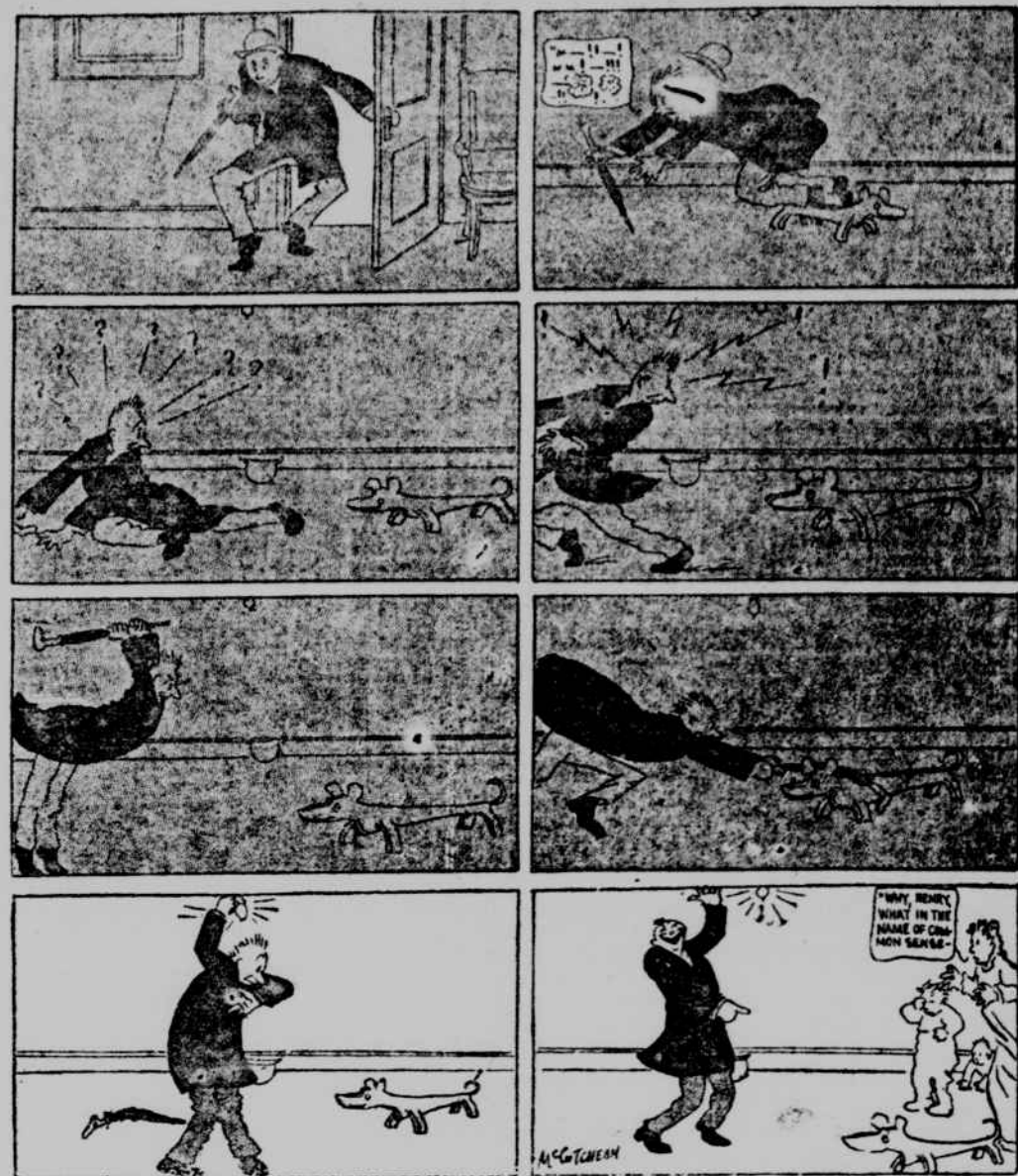
1912 next!

THE TOY DAY—CHRISTMAS.

By John T. McCutcheon.

[Copyright, 1912, By John T. McCutcheon.]

Going in quietly, so's not to disturb the folks.



neglected to vote are not entitled to a word for or against anything the Administrative Board may do.

It is often affirmed that women should be excluded from participation in political life because they would raise their acts on sentiment and "sentiment has no place in politics." Yet one of our esteemed administrators, with virtually no credentials to offer, but pleading that he had long been getting a poor salary and wanted to get a better one, was elected in spite of his incompetence, because "the newspapers abused him so." But, of course, that was not sentiment—was it?—and it certainly was not altruism.

A leading paper has spoken sympathetically of the present appointment of the position as one who "has quit and had it and desires to rise." That is well enough, and any man should be encouraged to reform, but not at the expense of the public. The people have a right to demand the appointment of an official that has already risen, and that is competent and fit in all respects. Richmond does not want an apprentice practicing on her public affairs, any more than she wants a few self-seeking political bosses to control her interests.

Even the City Council seems almost ready to back down and "leave the Administrative Board to work out its own salvation." Perhaps the Council means to say, "Give them rope enough, and they will hang themselves." It is to be hoped, however, that our city fathers will be more fatherly than to permit these misguided ones to work their will, for political suicide on their part, unless speedily consummated, would involve serious trouble for Richmond. They should be checked before they are able to do any more mischief.

It is interesting to note that the sentiment in favor of recall has made such strides in Richmond in a few days. But if a recall were possible, the result would probably not be radically different. The same men that voted before would go to the polls, and the larger number of them would vote for the same candidates, especially if the present incumbents should appeal to the sympathies of the present active electorate.

In despair of rousing the men of this community to the exercise of public duty, there remains the obvious necessity of enfranchising the women. Decisions and acts of Administrative Boards, City Councils and other departments of government vitally affect women and their children, as well as their men folk. It is evident that our men are not successfully managing our public affairs alone. Then why not call the thousands of honest, patriotic, unselfish women in our midst to our aid? If called, they would respond—young and old, suffragists and anti-suffragists; for no wife or mother worthy of the name would refuse to do battle for her husband, her children, and her home.

Richmond.

Will Not Accept.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:—

Sir,—Upon my return to "Morven," after some days' absence, my attention is called to an article that appeared in your issue of the 12th instant, entitled, "Virginians for Foreign Posts," in which is mentioned my probable appointment under the next administration to the diplomatic service as ambassador or minister. While I am not ungrateful of the honor that the suggestion does me, I beg to say that whatever my contribution to the cause it was offered as a tribute to the high character and attainments of Governor Wilson to secure better government for our country, without hope of reward. I am not a candidate for Federal office, nor would I accept such appointment if tendered.

We are content in our Virginia homes, and in the great triumph of progressive Democracy full satisfaction.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours for the Cause,
GRACE VERNON.

PUT IT ISABEL ON YOUR GOODS
THE MARK OF THE MARK
RICHMOND OF THE SOUTH

Telephone MADISON 805 and ask CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

The hardest thing for some folks to stand is their neighbors' prosperity. Lots of women make their husbands carve th' turkey just to show 'em up.

1912 next!

for any service that I may have rendered.

WESTMORELAND DAVIS.
Loudoun County.

The Night Before Christmas.
Twas the night before Christmas—a perfect uproar—

From collar to kerchief there wasn't a floor.

That had not its quota of boxes knee-deep.

And presents piled everywhere round in a heap.

No use trying to find a nice place for a nap.

Or peg 'em to hang up one's coat, cape or cap.

Each nook was pre-empted, each chair full of sprigs

Of crocus and holly, prunes, raisins and nuts.

And currants and apples and citron and wine.

Wire hooks and waste paper and tinsel and twine.

The settees and sofas and bureaus and beds

Were littered with sailors, ships, soldiers and slides.

The ladies were working like Trojans to string

The tree with the trinkets and every old thing.

And answer the door-bell, receive and stow round

The bundles in any spare spot to be found.

Then back in their heads to tree-trimming ming again.

Their tempers meanwhile undergoing

No lift all the while from the man of the house.

Who'd quietly stolen out soft as a cloud

When suddenly in comes Old Nick with a rush.

Cleared the snow from his brow and

Threw off his fur coat, gave his trousers a jerk.

Sent the ladies to bed, and went straight to his work.

The tree was quick finished, then out on the street.

He shambled on shyly, when who should he meet

But Mr. Oatmeal, from the club beating home.

Hat tilted awry and his breath not cologne?

Nick said not a word, but opened his pack.

And chuckled O. B. Joyful down in his old sack.

Laid his finger aside of his blossoming nose.

Gave a crack of his whip, and off the team goes.

And now in the city where lived Mr. B.

Each hubby helps wifey to trim the old tree.

D. H. KENNEY.
Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 24, 1912.

Hog Killin' Day.
The big iron pot stands on the woodpile.

A galloway, oh horrors, is built near by.

The "hands" have been busy for quite awhile

In filling casks. Oh, my! oh, say!

It sings in the air and round about,

I've got to stand it, or else I must die.

To-morrow is hog-killin' day without doubt.

And oh, for an aeroplane, just to fly!

To regions where hog-killin' day

Is as Latin and Greek in the habitat.

For instance, up around Burma Day,

Where they feast and are happy on blubber and fat

That comes from fish, instead of swine.

I wouldn't care very long to stay.

But, believe me, an Eskimo snowhut for mine

In preference to home on hog-killin' day.

Now, I like fresh sausage and ribs and chine.

And jowl with "greens" is a dish for a king.

My home-cured hams are notably fine.

But hog-killin' day is a nerve-racking thing.

The alarm sounds forth at the hour of four—